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am, Sir, a cordial well-wisher to the cause of Welsh literature, and your obedient humble servant.

Oxford, Jan. 18, 1820.

S. Y.

The two following communications will, no doubt, share the interest, that has already been attached to the former contributions of the same writers. And it will not be forgotten, with reference to their particular subjects, that a union of the *utile dulci* will ever form a principal object of this publication.

* *

CEUBREN YR ELLYLL *.

IN the park of Nannau, in Merionethshire, the seat of Sir Robert W. Vaughan, Bart., there stood, till within these few years, a hollow, large, and blasted oak, whose blanched and withered branches presented in spring and summer a striking contrast to the verdure of the surrounding woods. It was a noted tree, and the peasant, as he passed it in the gloom of evening, would quicken his pace, and, perhaps, murmur a prayer for the preservation of his person from the crafts and assaults of the evil one.

“ E’en to this day, the peasant still
With cautious fear treads o’er the ground;
In each wild bush a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound.”

A long succession of ages has rolled on since the event transpired, which conferred on this tree an influence so appalling. During the wars of Glyndwr, in the former part of the fifteenth century, a cousin of that hero resided at Nannau; his name Howel Sele. It appears, that Howel had refused to espouse his kinsman’s and his country’s cause, thereby rendering himself particularly obnoxious to the choleric Glyndwr; and an enmity was thus engendered between the two chieftains, which was fostered on both sides with savage and revengeful malignity. During a cessation of arms Owen, so intimates tradition, sought amusement and exercise in the pleasures of the chase, and he determined, like Earl Percy of old, to “ force the red deer from the forest brake” in the domains of his unbending kinsman. Thither he repaired, therefore, with a bosom friend, named Madog, and a small hunting train. As was to be expected, he encountered Howel alone, but armed, who demanded with what right

* In English, “ The Hobgoblin’s hollow Tree.”—Ed.

he, a rebel to his king, thus intruded upon his solitude? Reply succeeded reply, till they resolved to decide the question by force of arms. They consequently fought, and Howel fell a victim to the superior prowess of his kinsman. Near the place, where they contended, was a large oak, the trunk of which was hollow: into this cavity the body of the brave but headstrong lord of Nannau was cast, and Owen and his train hastened home to Glyndwr-dwy. The disappearance of their lord caused the greatest alarm and consternation at the castle; all possible search was made, but without effect, and his sorrowing lady secluded herself from the world in the solitude of her lonely and now gloomy residence. Year succeeded year, and still no tidings were received of the absent Howel. At length, one tempestuous evening in November, an armed horseman was descried urging his flagging steed up the hill, which leads to Nannau from the neighbouring town of Dolgellau. He passed quickly on his way, and arriving at the castle, demanded an audience of its sad and solitary mistress. It was Madog, who, his friend Glyndwr being dead, had hastened to clear up the mystery, in which the disappearance of Howel Sele was involved. He told his tale, and led the astonished and trembling domestics to the sepulchre, which enclosed the bones of their Lord. It was opened, and the skeleton of Howel was discovered grasping with his right hand the sword he was accustomed usually to wear. His remains were interred in the neighbouring monastery of Cymmer with all the pomp and ceremony of Catholic superstition, and masses were performed for the repose of his incensed and troubled spirit*.

The oak, in which Howel's body was deposited, is the same, to which I have alluded in the opening of this sketch; and it was standing about seven or eight years ago. A violent storm, however, cast to the earth this venerable "monarch of the forest;" and the worthy Baronet, in whose domains it was situated, caused its wood to be manufactured into a variety of utensils, the same to be distributed among his friends. A short time before it was blown down an eminent amateur artist made a sketch of it, from which engravings have since been taken, and there is scarcely a house in Dolgelley, but what contains one at least of these engravings, framed in the very wood (which is of a beautifully dark colour approaching to ebony) of the Ceubren yr Ellyll. At

* Pennant has differently related this event. See his *Sketch of the Life of Glyndwr* in the Appendix to his "Tours in Wales."

Nannau there are several relics of this majestic tree. Amongst others, I must not omit to mention, is a frame, containing an engraved full-length portrait of the memorable Pitt. The frame is unadorned by the gilder, but it presents an appearance, to use the phrase of a celebrated Welsh writer, of magnificent simplicity. Under the portrait is the following motto, particularly happy in its allusion to the "pilot who weathered the storm."

Y Gwr,
fal y dderwen,
a wynebodd
y dymestl. *

T. R.

"OF NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN."

J. Parry presents his compliments to the Editor of the CAMBRO-BRITON, and begs to observe, that there is a peculiarity attached to the mode of singing the song, to the tune "Of noble Race was Shenkin," inserted in No. 4, page 146, which, he flatters himself, it would not be uninteresting to have explained.

The first line, "Of noble Race was Shenkin," is sung to the two first bars (or measure) of the air; the 3d and 4th bars are played on the harp or pianoforte in the bass as a symphony.—The second line, "Of the line of Owen Tudor," goes to the 5th and 6th bars; then follow the 7th and 8th bars, played as before. The third line, "But hur renown was fled and gone," takes the two first bars of the second part of the air, the 3d and 4th being played as symphony; then the third line is repeated, and the fourth follows without an intervening symphony, and completes the air.

When this song is performed without an accompaniment, the singer imitates the symphony, and fills the measure by a hurlesque "thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum," &c. &c. e. g.

"Of noble race was Shenkin,
Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum, &c.
Of the line of Owen Tudor,
Thrum, &c.
But hur renown was fled and gone,
Thrum, &c.
But hur renown was fled and gone,
Since cruel Love pursued hur."

* "The man, like the oak, faced the tempest."—Ed.